Golden Gate

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Golden Gate

by Bordementions

Summary

Golshi trainer fluff play fighting

Notes

This is NOT finished, it's cut off at the end because it was a draft I wasn't done with so don't expect it to be finished I just want to get stuff out before I leave

As for the title I ran out of good ones so I'm just gonna start saying any phrase with gold in it for gold clan stuff no one can stop me from being a lazy fat chud

NO MORE GOLDSHIP STUFF EVER AGAIN I HATE WRITING HER I FEEL LIKE I WAS TRYING TOO HARD TS SUCKS

Unfortunately this was before my masc phase so it is fem pronouns but who give a dam YURIII‼□‼□‼□‼□

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

It’s a quiet afternoon, the kind where the sun hits the wood grain just right, and you’re actually making a dent in the performance logs for the upcoming season. Leaning over your desk as you do your work.

You’re focused, pen scratching against paper, until the door barely freaks open—but you know for a fact you heard it.

The frame is nearly filled by the sheer, looming bulk of Gold Ship. She’s clad in a white T-shirt that strains across her broad shoulders and the high, powerful curve of her chest, tucked into grey sweatpants that do little to hide how huge her legs are.

Her silver hair is a messy halo, and those eyes are already gleaming with a brand of mischief that usually precedes a disaster or a trip to the emergency room.

"Radar alert! Radar alert!" she bellows, her voice sounding aloud. She stomps over dramatically, jumping from one foot to the other, her steps making the pens on your desk dance in their holder. "Target sighted: one boring, paper-shuffling Trainer. Probability of spontaneous combustion due to extreme lameness? One hundred percent! But don’t worry, your savior is here!"

You don't even look up, though your heart skips a beat. You know her game. "Golshi, I'm busy. If this is about Sector 4, I already told you I’m not signing the bail forms."

"Bail? Who needs bail when you have my authority?" She leans over the desk, her massive shadow swallowing you whole. A large hand—big enough to palm your entire skull with room to spare—reaches out.

She starts poking your shoulder, a rhythmic, annoying tapping that jars your arm with every contact. "Trainer. Trainer. Traaaaaaainer. Look at me. I’m doing a thing. It’s really, really cool y’know. You’re missing the heavenly glory of my existence for paperwork."

"Go bother someone else," you mutter, trying to write a '7' that doesn't look like a lightning bolt from her constant jabbing.

"Negative." She shifts, her hip bumping the edge of the desk hard enough to send your coffee mug sliding. She leans in closer, her hot breath puffing against your ear as she whispers with fake conspiratorial gravity. "Didja know that if you stare at a spreadsheet long enough, your soul actually turns into a PDF? It’s true, you should

look it up."

She starts flicking your earlobe, her finger feeling like a hammer. You remain stoic, a statue of professional endurance. You ignore the way she begins to hum a distorted version of a popular idol song, punctuated by sudden, sharp "URAAAGH!" sounds just to see if you'll flinch.

Then, suddenly, the noise stops.

The silence is worse, much worse. It’s heavy, thick with stillness that precedes a great tragedy. You can feel her looming behind you. You don't look back, but your skin pricks. You count to three in your head.

One.

Two.

"GOTCHA—!"

The air whistles as her massive arms sweep forward in a double-handed pincer move meant to snatch you right out of your chair. But you’ve spent months training this idiot; you know the telltale rustle of fabric when she loads her hamstrings. You dive forward, sliding out of your chair and under the desk with the grace of a woman who values her ribcage in one piece.

Her hands clap together with a sound like a gunshot right where your chest would have been.

"Missed me," you chirp from under the desk, your voice echoing slightly. You scramble out the other side, putting the desk between you and Gold Ship. You’re grinning now, the adrenaline finally kicking in. "You're getting slow. Maybe those doughnuts are catching up to you."

Gold Ship stands there, her hands still clasped together, her jaw dropped in a look of exaggerated, theatrical betrayal. "Slow?! I am the wind! I am the storm! I am the reason people lock their doors at night!" She pouts, her lower lip sticking comically far. "You cheated! You used your size as a weapon! That’s a war crime on my planet!"

"Then call the intergalactic police," you tease, backing away toward the couch in the room. "But until they get here, you’re still zero-for-one on trainer-snatching today."

"Oh, it's like that, huh? You want to see your doom?!" She drops into a mock-sumo stance, her massive thighs flexing, the fabric of her sweatpants stretching dangerously thin over the sheer volume of her muscles. She starts moving, not with her usual lumbering gait, but with the terrifying, fluid speed. "Target locked! No escape! Resistance is not only futile, it’s hilarious!"

You bolt. You’re fast, but she’s long. You dart around the sofa, laughing as she overshoots a turn and nearly takes out a floor lamp with a wide swing of her legs.

"Get back here, you traitor!" she bellows, her grey hair flying wild. She’s grinning like a shark now, enjoying the hunt. She lunges across the sofa, her reach so absurdly long that her fingers brush the back of your shirt. You squeal, ducking under her arm and sprinting toward the bed.

"Never! I'm going to live forever!" you shout back, heart hammering against your ribs.

"You're gonna live for about five more seconds!" She laughs, a wild, boisterous sound that fills the room. She doesn't even run around the furniture anymore; she just steps over the coffee table with one effortless stride of her legs.

You try to pivot, to dive back toward the desk, but your foot catches on the edge of the rug. You stumble, just for a fraction of a second—and that’s all Gold Ship needs.

"VICTORY IS MINE!"

Huge, warm hands clamp around your waist. The strength in them is staggering; you feel like a doll being picked up and thrashed around. She hoists you into the air, your feet dangling three feet off the ground as she holds you at eye level. To her, you weigh nothing. You’re just a handful of human, breathless and laughing, looking her in the face.

"Put me down, you maniac!" you wheeze, playfully batting at her iron-hard forearms. It’s like hitting a brick wall.

"Nope! You're my prize!" She swings you around in a dizzying circle, the room blurring into a smear of colors and sunlight. "Look at you, so tiny! So portable! I could use you as a bookmark! I could put you in a blender and make a Trainer-smoothie!"

"Golshi, I'm gonna puke on you if you don't stop!"

"A sacrifice I am willing to make!" she declares.

Suddenly, she stops spinning and looks at the bed. A devious, wicked glint enters her eyes. "But first... the grand finale! The Goldy-Gold Galactic Brain Buster!"

"Wait, wait, Golshi—!"

Before you can finish, she's moving. She doesn't just drop you; she spins you around and tucks you against her side and falls forward in a calculated wrestling move. She slams you down onto the mattress, her massive weight following but diverted at the last second so she doesn't actually crush you. The bed groans under the impact of eight feet of Umamusume, the springs screaming in protest.

She pins you there, her massive frame looming over you, her hands pinning your wrists to the pillows. She's panting slightly, a triumphant, toothy grin plastered across her face, her silver bangs tickling your forehead.

"One... two... three! Ding ding ding!" she shouts, her face inches from yours. "The winner, and still champion of everything in existence... GOLD SHIP!"

You're trapped under her, the sheer scale of her body making the bed feel like a shoebox. You can feel the thrum of her heart through her T-shirt, a powerful, steady beat that reminds you just how much raw energy is packed into this chaotic girl.

"You cheated," you pant, looking up at her. "You used YOUR size as a weapon."

"Unfortunately for you, Trainer, the rules of planet Golgol do not apply to its leader."

You lie there for a moment, chest heaving, looking up at the silver-haired mountain pinning you to the mattress. You let your muscles go limp, your eyes fluttering shut as you exhale a long, dramatic sigh of "defeat."

"Fine... you win," you murmur, your voice breathless and small. "The mighty Gold Ship... too powerful for a mere mortal. I surrender. Take my dignity, take my lunch money... just have mercy."

Gold Ship's grin widens, her eyes sparkling with the pure, unadulterated ego of a victor. She loosens her grip on your wrists, leaning back just an inch to gloat. "That's right! Savor the flavor of your inadequacy, Trainer! I shall build a monument to this moment on the moon!"

She's so busy ascending to her own mental throne that she doesn't notice your fingers twitching. You wait for that perfect, vulnerable window—the moment her ego is at its peak—and you strike. Your hands dart out, not for her wrists, but for the sensitive, ticklish expanse of her ribs below the hem of her shirt.

"URG-ACK—?!"

The sound that erupts from her is something between a dying seagull and a tea kettle. Her entire frame jolts, her eyes bugging out as your fingers dig into the soft skin of her sides.

"Dirty! Foul! Red card!" she shrieks, her voice jumping three octaves as she collapses into a fit of hysterical, rib-shaking laughter. The bed frame groans as she thrashes, her powerful legs kicking out and nearly taking a chunk out of the drywall.

You don't give her a second to recover. Using her momentum, you scramble upward, sliding around her broad back while she's busy trying to protect her midsection. You throw your arm around her neck in a fake "chokehold," clinging to her like a backpack made of spite.

"Who's the trophy now, Golshi?!" you laugh, tightening your grip as you both tumble across the bed in a mess of tangled limbs and hair.

"I am being assassinated! Help! Police! The Trainer has gone rogue and is using forbidden tickle-jutsu!" Golshi bellows, her face flushed a deep pink as she wrestles with you. Her skin is hot, the sheer mass of her muscles shifting like tectonic plates beneath your touch. "This is a violation of the Geneva Convention! You can't choke the brand! It's bad for the brand!"

"The brand is going down!" you retort, digging your knees into the mattress to keep your leverage against her.

But Gold Ship didn't become a legend by following the rules of physics—or decency. She twists her torso with a sudden, violent jerk, and before you can register the movement, she's ducking her head. You feel the fabric of her white T-shirt slide beneath your arms, and with a sound of ripping cotton, she slides out of the garment.

You're left clutching a heap of oversized, sweat-scented T-shirt, blinking in confusion as Gold Ship rolls away, now clad only in her sports bra and sweatpants.

"Someone isn't up to date on their Golshi anatomy, the old shed the skin maneuver! Works every time!" she crows, standing by the edge of the bed for a split second, her bare midriff shimmering with a fine sheen of sweat.

Before you can even drop the shirt, she's back on you.

Catching you in a spear tackle; she engulfs you. Landing you straight onto your back again, her weight coming down like a warm, heavy blanket. She pins your arms over your head with one of her massive hands, her fingers wrapping around both your wrists. She's grinning down at you, her silver hair hanging like a curtain around your faces, sealing you into a private little world of chaos.

"Now then," she pants, her rosewood eyes glowing with a predatory mischief. "For the crime of attempted assassination and the destruction of my favorite limited edition tee, the fine is... one thousand carrots! No, ten thousand! And a personal submarine! And you have to call me 'Supreme Overlord Golshi' for the next century!"

"I can't afford that!" you gasp, struggling against her grip, but it's like trying to move a mountain. "I'm a civil servant, Gold Ship! You know I'm broke! It's totally unfair!"

"Unfair?" Gold Ship tilts her head, a wicked, playful smile forming on her lips. "Life is unfair, Trainer. And my court has just reached a verdict. Since you can't pay the ransom... you must face the punishment of the thousand tickles!"

"Wait, Golshi, no—"

"Silence, prisoner!"

She doesn't wait for your protest. One of her hands stays locked on your wrists, but the other dives down. Her large, warm hand slides right under the hem of your shirt, her palm flat against your stomach. The contact is electric—the disparity between your soft skin and her large, powerful palm is staggering.

She starts to mess around, her fingers dancing across your ribs and stomach in a flurry of expert tickling and playful prodding. You shriek, your body arching off the bed as you try to squirm away from

the relentless, large-scale tactile assault.

"Stop! Ahaha! Golshi, have mercy!" you plead, your legs kicking uselessly against her heavy thighs.

"Mercy is for losers!" she cackles, her hand moving higher, her fingers tracing the line of your ribs with agonizing precision. She's leaning her full weight into you now, pinning you deep into the mattress so every twitch of her fingers is magnified. "Does the prisoner confess? Does the prisoner admit that Gold Ship is the greatest, bestest, undisputed ruler of the world?!"

She leans in, her face inches from yours, her messy silver bangs brushing your cheeks while her hand continues its "investigation" under your shirt, wandering closer to your waistline with a mischievous, teasing intent that makes your head spin.

"I confess! I confess!" you wheeze, tears of laughter pricking your eyes as you struggle under your towering, half-naked trainee.

In one fluid motion, she hitches her hips forward, sliding her legs between yours fully.

You let out a little shriek as she settles her full mass directly on top of you. It's missionary, but on a scale that feels insane. Her hips are locked against yours, the thick muscle of her lower half pressing firmly into you. She's so long that her feet are dangling off the end of the cot while her chest is a literal wall of heat hovering over your face.

"Target secured!" Golshi crows, but her voice has dropped an octave, losing some of its screeching playfulness for something deeper, more resonant. "You got any last words, Trainer? Speak now or forever hold your peace~"

Her hand, still under your shirt, stops the playful tickling. Her palm is wide and hot, spanning the entire width of your waist that she's cupping. Her fingers begin to roam with a new, pushy intent, kneading the soft skin of your stomach before sliding upward, feeling the frantic, hummingbird beat of your heart through your breast.

"Wait—don't—" you try to protest, your hands coming up to her bare, sweat-slicked shoulders to push, but it's pointless.

"Shhh," she whispers, leaning down until her lips are brushed against the shell of your ear. "Didja know that on Planet Golgol, when a

Trainer gets caught, they belong to the trainee for at least a thousand years? It's a very strict bureaucracy."

Then, she bites.

It's not a nip; it's a predatory, playful sink of her teeth into the sensitive junction where your neck meets your shoulder. You let out a sharp, high-pitched gasp, your back arching off the mattress as the sting and the heat of her mouth send a jolt through your system.

And then, she starts to move.

Gold Ship grins, a wicked, toothy flash of white, and begins to grind her hips into yours. It's a slow, rhythmic, and devastatingly heavy dry humping. Every time she thrusts forward, you're driven deeper into the pillows, the breath being forced out of your lungs by the sheer momentum.

"Feel's good right?" she teases, her voice vibrating against your skin. "Is the little Trainer getting overwhelmed? Is the big, scary Golshi too much for ya? Don't worry, I'll be gentle... ish! I just happen to also be known for my extreme cuddle technique!"

You're losing. You're absolutely, undeniably losing, and the adrenaline is starting to blur into something much more intoxicating. Your hands stop pushing and start clinging. You wrap your arms around her broad, muscular back, your fingers digging into the firm skin of her shoulder blades, trying to find some kind of purchase on the hurricane pinning you down.

Your legs, acting on a desperate instinct for leverage—or maybe something else—hook around her hips. It's like trying to wrap yourself around a redwood tree. Your thighs feel tiny against the sheer volume of hers, but you squeeze, pulling her even tighter against you, meeting the rhythmic pressure of her hips with your own frantic, desperate hitches.

"Oh? Trying to trap me now?" Golshi laughs, a low, throaty sound that rumbles in her chest. She bites your neck again, more insistently this time, her hand under your shirt squeezing your waist hard enough to leave ghosts of her fingers on your skin. "Bold move, Trainer! But you're still on the back foot! I've got the high ground y'know?"

She moves faster now, her hips slamming into yours with such a strong gate the friction alone might drive you overboard.

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